

Gifted

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: After his boyfriend disappears, Jimmy goes looking for him, but gets more than he expected when he finds him.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

"Have you seen this man?"

I pushed the photo across the bar. The picture had been printed on a cheap color printer and was smudged from being handled a lot, but the low-resolution image was still clear enough to recognize. The guy in it was handsome, grinning for the camera in some bar somewhere like it was the best day of his life. Someone else had his arm around the guy's neck, a good friend, maybe more, but that someone had been cropped out of the picture, literally and figuratively. Literally, because I'd thought keeping the photo focused on the guy would keep the people I showed it to focused on him. Figuratively, because the guy had cut me out of his life and disappeared a year ago; I hadn't seen or heard from him since. That was my arm around the guy's neck.

The bartender's expression darkened, moving toward a frown before he caught himself and made his face carefully neutral. "Yeah. Seen him around. He's one of them Thomas boys."

Thomas. My roommate's--ex-roommate's--last name.

"Do you know where I can find him?"

"Out at the old Thomas place, I reckon. Them Thomases are an odd bunch, keep to themselves mostly."

I was here in Wyoming to find my ex-roommate, Kyler. We'd lived together my freshman year in college. We got to be friends, and then we got to be more than friends--a whole lot more. The sex was good, sure, but I thought we had a real connection. I'd thought I was in love. I'd thought he was The One. He always knew what I was thinking, like we shared the same soul. Then, a year ago, at the end of my freshman year, he vanished. Sure, he was going home for the summer, but he was supposed to come back in the fall and we'd live together again. Practically the moment he went home, the text messages stopped. The emails stopped. His phone number stopped working.

And he didn't come back in the fall. I was assigned a new roommate; he was nice, but he wasn't Kyler. I wanted Kyler. I scoured the Internet for news articles, police reports, anything, but I found nothing, like he never existed. I couldn't find a way to contact him during the year, but I hatched a plan. I was an impoverished college student, and I had to save up. As soon as sophomore year was over, I got on a bus and made my way halfway across the country to Wyoming to try to find him. Had to hitchhike the last fifty miles or so, but I was willing to take that risk because I still loved him.

Now, in the second shitty little bar I'd tried since arriving in his tiny home town, I had a good lead. The town only had three bars. I'd started there because, in movies and television shows, private investigators always got their best leads on missing persons by showing photos to bartenders. I was about to explode with glee because the plan was working.

So I tried to be cool and said, "And where's the Thomas place?"

"Big ranch maybe ten miles out of town. Head east on the highway. Can't miss it."

Ranch? Kyler had told me his family had a farm, some horses and cattle, but he always made it sound like a small-time affair, not a "big ranch."

The bartender looked me over. To him, I was just some kid, nineteen going on twenty. A backpack over my shoulder. Clothes kind of dusty from the road. I'd shaved and cleaned up in the diner bathroom after hitchhiking, but I wasn't doing too well at hiding the desperation I felt. The bartender reached a decision. He leaned closer and dropped his voice nearly to a whisper. "Listen, ain't none'a my business why you're looking for him, 'n' I don't care. But you're better off turning around 'n' walking away from it, whatever it is."

"Why?"

"Them Thomases're a weird bunch. Rumor has it there's something not right about them. It's like they know what you're thinking or something. They're scary as fuck. I'd stay away from them, if'n I was you."

Well, you're not me, I thought. But what I said was, "I'll keep that in mind. You've been really helpful. Thanks."

After walking a couple of miles on the highway, I caught a ride with a family of five in a station wagon. They dropped me off at the road-end of the long, unmarked dirt and gravel drive that lead to the Thomas place. With no sign to mark it, I'd have missed that driveway for sure if I'd been on my own. I considered my good luck a sign from the universe or fate or whatever that I was meant to find Kyler.

With nothing else to do as I walked, I checked my phone. Damn, no signal. Eventually I came to a fence, a gate, a guard shack with a security guard all in black--sunglasses, kelvar--more like somebody who'd be guarding a bigwig politician or a CEO than a cattle ranch. Since when did ranches need guards in bulletproof gear?

"Hi. I'm here to see Kyler? Kyler Thomas?" Crap, had my voice really cracked that badly when I said his name? So much for being cool.

The guard just stared at me, or I think he stared. His sunglasses were too impenetrably dark to be sure. His face stayed a cold, unreadable mask. I hadn't expected such a chilly response--or lack of a response.

Another voice from inside the guard station called, "You here about a job?"

Well, that might be one way past Frosty the Snowguard, so I shouted back, "Yeah," thinking I'd at least get inside the fence, talk to someone who'd respond to me.

A really handsome man of about forty emerged from the back of the building. For a moment he looked at me as if he recognized me. "I'm Thad, the foreman," he told me, and to the guard he said, "I'll take it from here."

I told Thad my name was Jimmy. He ushered me through a side door. "Don't mind the guards," he said as he led me to what he called his "office" in a building maybe fifty yards inside the gate. "They always get extra-defensive when the family is away."

Well, damn. That meant Kyler wasn't here? I hadn't anticipated that.

In the little air-conditioned "office," Thad asked me a bunch of casual questions. At first I thought he was just being social, but then I realized this was a job interview. Had I ever worked on a ranch before? No. Did I know how to ride a horse? Yes, my family had a small farm and I'd grown up around a couple of horses. Yes, I knew the basics of feeding livestock, fixing fences, and so on. Was I hard worker? Yes.

I hadn't thought beyond finding Kyler. Now I'd have to wait. I figured at least I'd be able to hang around the place so I'd know when Kyler and his family got back from wherever. Plus, I'd earn some cash for school in the fall.

When Thad offered me a job as a ranch hand, I accepted on the spot.

2.

A month later, still no Kyler. I'd learned during my first day that the family was going to be gone a while, so I guess taking this job was the right decision. The work was hard, and there was a lot of it--we worked twelve- and fifteen-hour days--but I tried hard too. They put me up in a bunkhouse with several other ranch hands, but I spent most of my time with Thad and his crew. The hands in the bunkhouse liked to gossip and play cards at night and go into town to get drunk and chase women on weekends. I was always too beat after the work-day, tried to hit the sack early, used the weekends to catch on my sleep. But I picked up a few rumors from them: the Thomases traveled a lot; the Thomases were weird; all of the bunkhouse hands were more than a little scared of them and were glad the Thomases were gone for months at a time.

Thad's crew, though, didn't gossip. They were serious workers but also liked to joke and kid around sometimes too. They taught me a lot about the work to be done on the ranch. I even learned to ignore the security guards, who seemed to be ever-present even when the family was away. The ranch fed me well too. I was building muscle, losing those five extra pounds that had been hiding my abs. I wasn't quite to washboard abs yet, but I was getting there.

Thad and I rode up into the dry hills on horseback. We were trying to find a few stragglers from the cattle herd, and Thad thought using one of the motorized vehicles would spook them. These summer days started hot and grew nearly unbearable by noon. I already was sweating like I was in hell. Thad had shucked his shirt a little while before, and I figured I'd lose mine too as soon as we stopped for a lunch break.

Thad was tall and lean, sturdy, fit. Wavy auburn hair with a wide grin and bright amber eyes. His chest gleamed a dark bronze in the sunlight. I stared at his hairless torso, his tight belly, and the dark brown nipples that seemed to pop out of his hard-packed pecs. He was related to the Thomases somehow, a distant cousin maybe. I saw a slight resemblance to Kyler in Thad's eyes, the same green color too, and his mouth.

We paused at the top of a rise and searched for signs of the wayward cattle. Under a nearby copse, a few scraggly trees that almost didn't deserve the name, we dismounted and broke out the sandwiches and bottles of water we had brought for lunch. I pulled off my shirt too. The air wasn't moving much, but I still felt a little cooler.

As we ate in the shade, Thad caught me letting my eyes wander over his bare chest. I was still nineteen, just days away from my twentieth birthday now, and Thad was around forty. I thought he was damned good-looking. I was horny, and I hadn't left the ranch since I'd arrived, and I hadn't had any sexual release except a couple of quick jack off sessions when I managed to find some rare privacy. I had the idea I was saving myself for Kyler. But damn, I sure wondered what Thad would look like naked, what he liked to do when he was naked, what he would be like when he did those things. Probably wild as an unbroken stallion, I bet. Thad had been catching me checking out his chest a lot--and he didn't seem to mind. I needed to be faithful to Kyler, but looking certainly wasn't a crime.

Thad cocked his head as if he was making a decision. He looked off toward the horizon. "Been a couple of weeks since I got laid. I'm horny as hell," he drawled.

I thought, *What the fuck?* Was Thad throwing me a hint? I blinked rapidly, then said something really intelligent, like, "Uh, what?"

Thad scratched casually at his chest. My eyes settled on the taut nipple next to his fingertips. "Yeah," he announced. "I'm so horny I could about bust. I bet you are too. Young guy like you?--Probably overflowing with hormones."

"Yeah, I guess. I'm horny just about all the time," I admitted, not sure where this was leading.

The cowpoke grinned like a wolf. He moved in close and laid one big calloused hand on my shoulder. "How about it then?" Thad asked.

His boldness shocked me. I shivered at his touch. Thad wanted to have sex with me? Right now?

"Uh, you know I'm gay?" I blurted out--because I hadn't told anyone there.

"Sure," Thad chuckled. "It's not a crime these days." Thad's free hand migrated across my thigh. His warm, firm palm encased the denim covering my cock and balls. Only the fabric of my jeans separated my erection from his hand. He squeezed gently, looked me right in the eye. "Besides, I can always tell what you're thinking. You don't have any secrets from me."

"Guess not!" I gasped. My cock jerked, trying to bust out of my jeans, and the rush of horniness made me dizzy.

"You guess right," he agreed in a low whisper. Then he put his other hand on my shoulder, slid it up to my neck, and pulled my face a few inches closer to his. "Just look into my eyes, Jimmy. I'll make everything all right. I'll make everything perfect."

I stared back into his green eyes. I felt so aroused I was dizzy. He must have decided that words were unnecessary because he slowly, firmly used that hand on my neck to pull my face down to his chest. I was shaking but did not resist. If anyone had asked me about Kyler at that moment, I would have answered, *Kyler who?*--because I wasn't thinking about but anyone other than Thad right then. Kyler? Getting caught? All worries were gone. Thad filled all my senses, leaving no room for any thoughts other than how much I wanted him, how much I needed to get off.

My cheeks rubbed against the hard flesh of Thad's bare pecs. He only had a little patch of hair in the center of his chest, and the skin all around that patch was smooth and warm, slick with a fine layer of sweat. I shuddered, a spasm that rocked my entire body. I pressed my mouth over the tip of one of those brown nipples that had been fascinating me for days. When I opened up and reached out with my tongue, I caught myself moaning, which was kind of embarrassing and hot at the same time. I lapped at the tight, pointed nip, liking the way it quivered under my tongue. The taste of Thad's sweat mingled with the not-unpleasant odor from his nearby armpit, making me hornier. I moaned again and began to lick at the salty nipple, feeling it move and slide along my lips.

Thad grunted to encourage me as he pushed his chest forward against my mouth. One of his calloused hands caressed the back of my head. His other hand found my cock, rock-hard under the fly of my jeans, and squeezed it firmly between his thumb and forefinger. Thad obviously knew what I liked; my happy boner was proof of that.

I was lightheaded with lust. Thad pulled my face up to his and stared into my eyes again. All my inhibitions and excuses dissolved. The handsome cowboy kissed me hard, clamping my head between his hand and his mouth. His other hand massaged my stiff cock and broiling balls through my jeans. I'd lusted for the older man for weeks, but I'd been too hung up on Kyler to make a move. Now the

tall, handsome-as-sin cowboy was in my face, kissing me back, and I wanted this stud like I'd never wanted anyone ever before.

Thad pushed me away and took charge. He used both hands to unbuckle my belt, unsnap and unzip my jeans. He pushed my torso back, pulled my hips off the ground. He tugged, and my jeans were wadded around my knees before I knew it. I wasn't wearing underwear because of the heat, and my cock jumped out to say howdy-do. Thad clawed at his jeans while I returned to snuffle around his chest, going from nipple to nipple and using both hands to knead and grope at his hard pecs. As though a dam had been breached; I was turning into a slobbering, moaning slut in heat.

Thad was grinning, almost laughing at me, the bastard, but I grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand into my naked crotch. I had a fat, hard dong waiting there, jutting up in the air, red and twitching. Thad took hold of it with both hands and pumped it slowly. I grunted around Thad's tit and jabbed my hips forward. Thad felt up and down my swollen cock, squeezing and pumping and pulling on the balls below it. But that was not enough for him; he reached one hand around and groped a large handful of my smooth ass cheek. All the guys I'd been with loved my ass, and Thad did too. Thad felt all around it, sizing it up, taking in the silky warmth of it, before he plunged a finger right into my tight ass crack.

The way his fingertip found my hole and flicked across it felt awesome, and I told him so: "Oh, yeah! That feels so fucking good."

"Nice ass. It's time to work on that. How about if I fuck you?" Thad growled.

I was drowning in wildfire lust. The idea of that tall, handsome cowboy fucking my ass felt like a dream coming true. I'd imagined it in my very secret fantasies, when I felt shame as if I'd been cheating on Kyler, but now I wanted Thad's cock up my ass. Would it really happen? Before I knew what he was doing, Thad shoved me over onto my back in the high grass. I gasped my surprise. Thad raised my thighs up in the air. The older cowboy tore off my boots and jeans, even my socks, until I was buck-naked in the hot noontime air. I was wide-eyed with anticipation as Thad removed his own boots and pants. *Holy shit!*--He had a huge schlong, long, thick, hard, and purple-red with arousal!

He raised my thighs higher and pressed them toward my chest. My ass was spread open, the faint summer breeze caressing my overheated bare flesh like a fluttering kiss. I groaned and stared up at Thad's eyes, both afraid and elated. What would it feel like to get fucked by this big, strong cowboy? My asshole twitched, open and vulnerable to the air and Thad's piercing gaze. The cowboy seemed to be eating me up with those beautiful green eyes of his.

But a pang of regret went through me for just a moment, because Thad's resemblance to Kyler made me wish Kyler was the one fucking me; then it was gone. Thad's eyes bore into mine. "No more thinking about him. Only think about me while we're fucking," he chuckled, as if he was scolding a petulant child.

Think about who? I wondered, because Thad's presence, his smell, the feel of his body, had filled my senses, become my entire world.

Thad smirked as he stared into me. "That's right. Just let me good care of you. I brought condoms and cream."

I felt my fear drain away. I nodded my head and held my breath. I hadn't been sure what to expect--I'd been afraid maybe the coarse-mannered cowboy would just shove that big bull-pizzle of his into my waiting asshole without any preliminaries. Now I knew Thad would at least wrap it in a condom and grease the way. The thought of my asshole being lubed made me shiver, made my cock twitch. He had my thighs bent back toward his chest. My crack was laid bare, and a small pit in the center spasmed and quivered. I felt myself trust that Thad knew what to do first.

He broke our stare when he dropped his head and swallowed my big fat cock, all in one expert gulp. I was taken by surprise, shouting out, "Fuck, yeah," and thrusting upward, hoping to ram my meat as far into that wet mouth-pit as I could. I was so horny and excited I feared I'd explode in just seconds. But then something else was going on that distracted me from the amazing sensation of lips and tongue massaging my hard meat. Down under my balls, fingers were running up and down the sweaty pit of my ass-crack. They caressed my nut sack, the tender perineum below, and the flesh farther down. Those tantalizing fingers slid over my puckered ass-rim, toying with the tight hole and strumming it lightly. The fingers went up and down and then settled on that opening, rubbing in the sweat in little circles that thrilled and maddened me. I lunged upward with my hips, unable to decide between needing more of that gulping mouth or more of those tormenting fingers.

Thad lathered the head of my cock, seeming to enjoy the way my fat thing bobbed eagerly in his mouth. He also toyed with my asshole; he played with the clenched rim, tickling it and stroking it like a pet dog or a colt. I responded by bucking my hips and gushing a river of steady, guttural moans. I was reaching my limit, and I was about to cum.

Something must have warned him I was approaching the brink of no return. He pulled his mouth and hand off me and sat up.

"Time for the real deal, Jimmy. Time for the ride of your life."

He fished around in his discarded jeans. The back pocket had a strip of three condoms. The side pocket had a small tube of hand cream, always there for rough and blistered palms from roping and fencing; that would make a good lube. Still grinning, he sacked his hard boner in latex. I watched him with fascination, anticipating the feel of that poker riding up inside my guts. Thad squeezed out a generous dollop of the white cream into his palm. "Hold that pose," he chuckled. He reached down between my upraised thighs and worked the goo into my crack. I needed a good fuck. My spasming little butthole under Thad's touch practically hollered for him to fuck it.

I was definitely eager. I held my thighs up against my chest, a more-than-willing participant in my own fuck. I wanted that purple prod inside me. I wanted to feel it stretching my tender ass-lips apart. I had imagined it, and now it would be happening. Almost too excited, my butthole fluttered and clenched as cool cream coated it.

Thad's eyes on mine again. "Relax. Open up for my finger. I'll need to stretch it out a bit before I fuck you. Relax, Jimmy."

I sighed and felt more tension ease out of my muscles. Thad grinned. With one greased hand he reached up and rubbed my long, fat pole. He stroked it up and down lightly, which had my hips lurching upward into the air. Then he centered one fingertip on the creamed hole and plunged. In it went, past the second knuckle. He rammed it all the way in and twisted it in circles. I moaned and shuddered from head to foot, my toes curling, my eyes rolling back. The exquisite sensation of his slick hand rubbing up and down my cock was amazing. Then that finger had rammed into my guts,

digging and stretching me open. It hadn't hurt. It was more of a deep ache that I suddenly craved with all my will. I wanted more than that probing finger. I wanted Thad's cock inside me--now!

"Fuck me," I blurted. "Ride me! Ride me, cowboy!"

Thad stared down at me, into me. My quivering thighs were pulled back over my head. I needed his cock inside me. I needed his handsome face over me. A finger prodded the gooey centre of my little buttock. I could hear myself begging to be fucked! Thad rearranged himself, centering his cock on that hole. Our eyes stayed locked together. He gradually pulled out his finger. Just as it slid from my clenching ass-ring, Thad inserted the tapered head of his cock. His entry was smooth and effortless, the easiest I'd ever experienced. My tight anal ring gaped open and accepted his big dick.

"I'm in. Feel it go deeper," Thad crooned.

"Urr," I groaned back at him, unable to form words.

Thad's fingers strummed my cock while his prong slid past my anal defenses and poked further inside, sinking into me inch by slow inch. I could not speak. My body was wracked with waves of pleasure. My cock was on fire. The slow manipulation of my dick by Thad's greased fingers was maddening. His penetration into my convulsing buttock was beyond belief. The ache in me did not diminish; it increased, an intolerable itch that needed scratching and only more of that hard cock would satisfy it. My whole body quivered as I held my own thighs up and welcomed Thad's cock inside me. I'd never felt so slutty, so vulnerable--I'd never felt so satisfied and yet so fucking hungry for more.

In a distant corner of my mind, I heard the horses whinny softly. The world was far away as the older cowboy slowly impaled me with his dick. An experienced lover, he knew exactly how to force my hole to swallow him to the balls. The cream eased the entrance and allowed him to begin to pull out and shove back inside. I grunted as he did this because the slide of his erection in my ass felt so amazing. He stared down at me as his cock began to ride in and out, an inch at a time, fucking my butt slowly. Thad grinned and continued to pump my fat dick in steady time to his slow-and-easy fucking. I just moaned, over and over. My guts were stuffed, and the fullness felt so incredible. As that cock began to ride in and out, I ached from the inside out. A small area deep in my guts pulsed with happy sensation as it was massaged gently.

Then the speed of his assault increased. Deeper plunges became more rapid, then still more rapid. Thad began to fuck--really fuck me. He pulled halfway out and then drove all the way in. He repeated it, and then moved more quickly. Sweat was flying from his brows as he began to pummel my squishy hole. He released my cock and said, "Jack yourself," as he used his hand to help steady himself. I grabbed my dick and my hand became a piston on my throbbing boner.

"Ride me, Thad! Please ride me!" I shouted. I loved the way Thad's cock pounded and pummeled me.

"Gaaah!" I cried as I surrendered to my climax. Thad plunged deep and ground his cock hard against that spot inside me. That burst of sensation drove me into a straining, shouting orgasm. Jizz spewed out of the crimson head of my cock, spurting onto my belly. Thad slid his cock out of my creamy hole, tore off the condom, and hand-pumped himself. Thirty seconds later he sprayed cum all over my cock and balls and belly and chest. We huffed and moaned, then collapsed together in a heap on the dry summer grass.

We lay together in the shade, drowsing, caressing, enjoying the feel of each other's body and the fucked-out afterglow.

"You think about him too much," Thad said as his fingertip circled my nipple.

I almost asked, *Him who?*--but then the memories all came crashing back to me. Kyler. I'd cheated on him with Thad. Well, technically not *cheated*, since after a year apart we probably weren't still *together*. Still, I'd meant to stay faithful, a testament of our love, or something. I'd thrown that away for a fuck. A really hot fuck with a cousin who kind of resembled Kyler, but just a fuck nonetheless. I wondered whether Kyler would take *But he looked like you* as an excuse?

"Ugh," I grunted, as the guilt and regret seemed to become a crushing physical force. I rolled away from Thad. I knew I'd never told anyone why I was really there or that I'd been Kyler's college roommate and lover. Thad probably just guessed I was hung up on an ex or something. I grumbled, "What do you know? You don't know anything about it."

"I know you came here to find Kyler. I've known since the first time I looked in your eyes."

Fuck! He knows about Kyler and me? How?

"Because I have the Gift too."

What the fuck? "The what?"

"The Gift. Not as strong as the Thomas clan--my bloodline isn't as pure. I can only read surface thoughts, but I could read enough to know exactly why you showed up at the ranch."

I remembered what the bartender and some of the ranch hands had said about the Thomases seeming to know what people were thinking. I'd thought that was just a metaphor or something.

"No, it's real."

"Prove it. Tell me something about me and Kyler that only I would know."

Thad said, "Well, I know that, no matter how many time you begged him"--and here Thad stopped talking and I heard the rest of it in my head--*he never let you top*.

Holyfuck!Holyfuck!Holyfuck!Holyfuck!

I crab-scrambled away from Thad to the edge of the shade. When I finally managed to unclench my chest enough to breathe again, I gasped, "What the fuck?"

"Everything I told you, everything you heard--it's all real. But that's not what's important right now."

"Like fuck it's not!" I snapped. This had to be some kind of trick. Like, maybe he looked me up on the Internet, found out I'd gone to the same college as Kyler, and just made some assumptions? Yeah, that was probably it. "No way you can read my mind!" I searched his face for a crack in his expression that would prove he was bullshitting me. He seemed so serious. No trace of a smile around his mouth or his eyes. His eyes ... so green ... so much like Kyler's ... Kyler ...

Thad crawled to where I crouched paralyzed, and I heard his voice in my head again: *He might not have let you top him, but I will.*

All I could think about was Kyler and fucking--fucking and fucking and fucking. I felt so horny. Nothing else mattered. What was happening to me? I felt insatiable!

My cock was already hard. Thad's cock was rising. The sight of the older cowboy buck-naked there on the grass had me so aroused, like a physical hunger. Damn, I wanted to fuck so badly--I wanted to fuck Thad. Yes. I needed to fuck Thad!

He tossed me the little tube of hand cream, got on his hands and knees, and aimed his ass my way. He looked over his shoulder at me, but I was too intent on greasing up a couple of fingers to pay much attention to him.

I jabbed a finger into his ass and worked it in and out. I wanted to fuck him right then, but I had to get him ready first.

"You like my man-pussy?" Thad hissed when I poked in a second finger?

"Fuck, yeah," I mumbled as I rooted around in his asshole.

The hunger I felt was almost daunting, but I'm nothing if not bold. Thad laughed out loud. He lowered his chest to the ground, hiked his ass up higher into the air for me. I gave him a third finger.

Thad tossed the strip of two remaining condoms over near my thigh. I'd deal with that later. Right now, I was stretching Thad's ass and loving the way his butt-rim clasped my four fingers tightly. I pressed deeper into the heated tunnel beyond. Thad's eyes were screwed shut as he attempted to accept the intense pressure of my fingers violating his snapping hole.

"I need a long ride," he drawled. "I need a cowboy who can take charge and ride me hard."

Condom. Right. Dick. Ass. Line 'em up. Push 'em together.

Thad's yelps penetrated my foggy consciousness: "Yes! Ride my ass, Jimmy! Ride it!"

I completely abandoned myself and focused on feeding dick into Thad's ass-maw. His torso was tanned dark from the sun, but like most cowboys he was pale below the waist from wearing jeans all day. His butt practically glowed in the patchy shadows--ivory, alabaster, fresh cream. It had to be one of the hottest asses I'd ever seen.

"So fucking big!" Thad moaned as I rode him like I was breaking in a new stallion. I plunged in and out of his hole relentlessly. He wanted it long and hard, and that's exactly how I gave it to him.

The slap of my sweaty hips against his butt cheeks was the only sound in the noontime stillness. Thad started giving these little gasps of pleasure, and I knew I'd found the right spot, found the kind of stroke he liked. I was going to have his prostate singing. I was going to dick him all day. I had only room for one sensation, my cock servicing his snug, eager asshole.

Five minutes, maybe ten, and the relentless ride turned into more than Thad could take. "Fuck!" he barked. "Gonna--I'm cumming"! He pushed his chest off the ground, and his whole body shuddered and spasmed into ecstasy. He spewed a load of semen all over the dry grass beneath him.

My cock was burning up by then. The pounding I'd administered took its toll. I pulled out of Thad's ass, pulled off the condom, pulled at my cock with tight, fast strokes. Thad rolled over onto his ass and elbows to watch. I grunted like a happy pig. My orgasm started up strong enough to take my head off and went even more intense from there. My body bucked like a rodeo bull as I let my load fly.

Once more we collapsed in a heap in the grass together. Thad held me and I held him as our breathing returned to normal. I must have slipped into a nap, because when I came to later, the sun was nearly halfway to the horizon. Must have been mid-afternoon by then. I found I didn't care about any of what we'd talked about earlier. Who cared if Thad could read minds? Who cared if the Thomas clan had some kind of "Gift"? Had Thad done something to make me not mind? Who cared? Sex with Thad had been fucking unbelievable, astounding, incredible. After that experience, I was too worn out to give a shit.

I sat up. "We better get dressed. We still need to find the stray cattle."

Thad pulled me back down onto the grass. "Naw," he purred. Fuck, his drawl was so sexy; it made my balls tingle. "There ain't no strays. That's just the excuse I gave to get you out here alone. Being around all those pent-up hormones of yours was starting to make us all a little crazy--I figured it was high time somebody got you properly broke and tamed. And hey, we still got one condom left. Wanna flip to see who gets to wear it?"

3.

Another month went by, and still no Kyler. But now that I'd gotten over the idea of saving myself for him, I didn't mind as much. I was having fun with Thad and his crew. I liked working on the ranch, I liked the guys I worked with, and I especially liked the sex, which was happening in various combinations nearly every day. Sure, sometimes I'd regret having sex with Thad and the others, but somehow I couldn't seem to say no. Thad somehow always knew just how to melt me resolve. Thad always seemed to know when I was horny--which was often--and either he'd take me off somewhere and do me himself, or he'd assign me to some job with other guys on the crew that always seemed to involve privacy and plenty of time left over for fucking. In the barns. In the pastures. In the woods. By the creek. In the bunkhouse if none of the other ranch hands were around.

Sometimes the other guys and me, we teased the security guards. We weren't supposed to go near the main house. But sometimes we'd fuck on the grounds where we knew the guards could see us. They were always so stoic--I never once saw one so much as crack a smile. Thad said it was because they were trained to take their jobs really seriously and not let anything distract them.

My twentieth birthday came and went. Damn. In just a couple of weeks I'd have to go back to my life, back to college. I hadn't told Thad that, but I think he knew. Hell, if he was reading my thoughts all the time, he couldn't *not* know. I was going to miss all this: the ranch, the guys, the sex. I kind of wondered if Thad would let me stick around instead.

I was working with Thad and two other guys, repairing a span of fencing on this rise overlooking the main entrance and the guard shack. Getting toward late afternoon; I was thinking we'd get finished in about an hour, and then we'd break out the condoms for a little four-way action, right there in plain sight of the guards. Thad never let me top him when other guys were around--I was hoping maybe I could sweet-talk him into it. I was picking up a taste for topping. I was starting to understand why Kyler liked that role so much.

We heard the gates open, and I stopped to watch as two limousines, jet black, glided past the guard post and toward the big house in the distance.

"Looks like the Thomases are back," one of the other men observed.

I waited until nightfall. After we finished the fence, I'd begged off that afternoon, claiming the heat got to me and I needed to go back to the bunk house and lie down. Thad barely looked at me. All he did was mutter, "Okay ... but don't do anything stupid."

I did go back to the bunk house. I got a shower, and I did lie down. I hadn't been lying to Thad. I just hadn't decided what to do next.

The people who got out of the limousine earlier had been too far away. I couldn't tell if Kyler was with them or not. The one in the blue shirt might have been Kyler--or someone else.

I skipped chow. Ranch hands trickled back in. I pretended to be asleep. They went about their business, and gradually things quieted down as the evening wore on.

Most of the hands hit the bunks by ten o'clock. We were always up before dawn, and dawn came early. By ten-thirty I was pretty much the only one awake. I couldn't sleep. Kyler. At long last, Kyler. I'd almost forgotten about him, but now it all came crashing back into my head.

At least I needed to see him, talk to him. I needed to know why he didn't come back. I needed to know if we still had a future. If we didn't, then I needed closure.

I didn't really have a plan, at least not one beyond *Get into the house, find Kyler*. I've always been kind of a make-it-up-as-I-go kind of planner--which was how I ended up here in Wyoming working on the Thomas ranch to begin with.

Hired hands like me weren't supposed to go near the main house for any reason. Strictly off-limits, even for Thad. If I showed up at the front door, I'd probably get turned away before I even got to say I was there to see Kyler. So, I'd have to sneak in somehow. I knew the guards patrolled the place when the family was away, so likely security was even tighter now that the family was back.

So that was the extent of my plan: Sneak into the house, find Kyler, and say ... whatever. Thinking about that last part terrified me.

Getting to the main house? No problem. There was no fence, no lights. I just walked right up to it.

Getting into the house? That was a challenge. The place had lots of outside doors toward the back, including one for deliveries, but they were all locked. Finally, I saw a window that was open just a crack. The problem was, it was eight feet above ground. I'd need something to stand on. I hauled over a couple of wooden pallets as quietly as I could. Propping them against the wall and climbing up put me about four feet closer. Now I could push the window a little higher, haul myself up, and crawl inside. Awkward, but my ranch-hardened muscles came in handy.

Everything was dark and quiet. This looked like a storage room. No sounds from outside. No one was around.

The outside looked like a kitchen workspace or something but, hell, finding my way out of that place with no lights on was like stumbling through a maze.

I finally saw a light under a door and opened it. A hallway. Well-decorated, the sort of space a ranch-owning family would inhabit. This must lead to the residential part of the house. What it led to was another hallway, then another. Shit, I needed a map.

And as I turned the corner, I came face-to-face with a security guard, his gun already drawn and aimed at my head. He ordered. "Don't move."

Well, when confronted with a weapon in my face, I decided I'd better be really still. "Uh, I'm--"

"No talking."

Suddenly two more guards were behind me, grabbing my arms, pushing me face-first against the wall. "We have the intruder," the first guard said into a mouthpiece. He listened to something as his two buddies frisked me for weapons. "Sir, do you think that's wise? ... Yes, sir. Understood." Then to the other two he said, "We are to hold this position and wait."

My first observation was, *Hell, they even wear their sunglasses inside at night*. My second observation was the three of them were dressed exactly alike, looked almost exactly alike. About the only way I could tell them apart was by hair color. Blond was the one who'd talked to someone on his radio. Light Brown and Dark Brown were the ones who'd manhandled me into the wall.

I tried again. "If you'd let me expl--"

Blond pushed his gun barrel at the back of my ear. "Quiet."

Okay. I could do quiet.

Approximately one minute later, a man's deep voice from down the corridor grumbled. "You've checked him for weapons?"

"Yes, sir." Apparently Blond was the only one authorized to do any talking here.

"Let me see him."

Light Brown and Dark Brown hauled me off the wall and yanked me around to face a tall, powerfully built man in a dark business suit. They didn't let me go, though--they kept me immobilized. They were strong and I knew better than to give them a reason to break my arm or something.

Mister Business Suit looked pissed. He looked scary when he was pissed. He looked a lot like Kyler, though, only older: maybe Kyler's father. I stammered, "Muh-Mister Thomas, sir, if I could just explain--"

"Hush, boy. I'll ask the questions here. Look me in the eye when you answer me, boy."

I risked a "Yes, sir" as I met his gaze--

--And felt some kind of instant connection.

Damn, if what Thad could do was weird, what Mister Thomas could do was downright scary. I couldn't look away. I could practically feel his eyes drilling into me.

"Why are you here, boy? Answer me truthfully."

We both knew I wasn't even considering the possibility of lying to him. "My name's Jimmy, sir. I was Kyler's roommate ... at college ... a year ago."

"I know who you are, boy. I asked what you think you're doing here?"

"I want to see Kyler."

"That's all? You came all this way and broke into my house in the middle of the night, just to see my son?"

"Yes, sir."

Mister Thomas broke eye contact by rolling his eyes gaze at the ceiling. "I don't have time for this fucking lovesick puppy shit. I'm a busy man." He turned on his heel and stalked off down the hall.

"What about the intruder, sir?" Blond called.

"Make sure he is suitably incapacitated and have him brought to the library."

"Yes, sir."

I didn't like the sound of "incapacitated," not a bit.

I never saw it coming, though. Blond moved his arm suddenly. Something hit my jaw, hard, a sudden sharp pain. The world went black.

4.

The ache in my jaw was the first thing I felt as I started to wake up. After a couple of seconds, I could open my eyes and lift my head. A couple of seconds more and my vision started clearing, the double images coalescing. I was sitting in a chair. My shirt was gone. My shoes and socks were gone. All I had on were my jeans; they'd probably have stripped those off me too except I wasn't wearing underwear.

I was in a room whose walls were lined with shelves of expensive-looking old books. To my left was a massive desk. To my right was a mini-bar. *Yep, definitely the library*, I thought sarcastically. *At least Blond and his buddies got that part right.*

I'd have rubbed my jaw, but I couldn't lift my hand. My wrists were bound to the chair arms. My ankles were bound to the legs. I wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

Guards, dark suits, my clothes mostly gone, bound to a chair--I started to panic. I tried yanking at the chair arms, tried kicking my legs to get free. I twisted and heaved my body. The chair shook but was too heavy, too sturdy. I couldn't budge. Fear made me feel like I was going to puke. I tried again, flailing as best I could, shoving my body this way and that, like I was in an earthquake.

"Jimmy."

At the sound of my name, I snapped my head around--*ow!*--a big mistake with my aching jaw. "Kyler!" At least I could say his name without having to move my jaw too much, which was a blessing.

He stood next to the desk, over my left shoulder, at the edge of my peripheral vision. He walked slowly around in front of me. He was wearing a dark business suit exactly like his father's. He looked so handsome--and, uh, so annoyed.

He was drinking something from a tumbler. Probably scotch. I remembered that Kyler used to love scotch. I hadn't had scotch since ... well, since the last time he and I were together. "Here," he said and held the tumbler to my lips. "Take a sip. It'll calm your nerves."

I angled my head up to gaze at him as he tipped the glass against my lips. He was so close I could feel his body heat, smell the faintest trace of his cologne. He looked so handsome, his green eyes so piercing and inscrutable at the same time, so green, so deep, like I could get lost in them. I just couldn't look away--I didn't want to look away--I just couldn't ...

"Swallow."

I swallowed. The liquid burned on the way down. Not scotch. Brandy. I'd never known Kyler to drink brandy, ever.

"That's it," he whispered. "Relax. Much calmer now. We're all adults here. You can't fault my father or the guards for being careful. Protecting our privacy is a way of life here. You shouldn't be here."

"Kyler," I began. I felt less panicked, but I couldn't focus on what to say next. Maybe I should have been expecting the way he could affect my thoughts after a month of Thad doing exactly the same thing, but part of me kept disbelieving: *Not Kyler, not my Kyler, he'd never*. I was still naïve enough to disbelieve what Thad had kept telling me was true. Or maybe I was trusting enough to think Kyler would understand once he saw the depths of my love.

Whether he thought me naïve or in love, Kyler turned aside and raised the glass to sip. "You shouldn't be here, Jimmy. My father is pissed. He expects me to deal with you."

"Are you okay? I never heard from you. I was so worried. What's going on? Why didn't you come back to college?"

Kyler sighed, which was never a good sign.

He sneered--the last expression I expected to see on his face. "You came all this way for a few answers?"

"I tried calling, texting, and emailing. I never got a response. I had to do something. I needed ..." To see him again. To understand. To try to change his mind. To get closure.

He parked his butt on the edge of the desk and ran his eyes up and down my body. I knew he was cataloguing the changes since the last time he'd seen me. I was trimmer, and a lot tanner, thanks to two months of working outdoors on the ranch. Buffer too--my chest and arms were taking on more size and definition.

To me, Kyler physically looked the same, as if only days had passed instead of more than a year. But he had ... changed. His manner was more aloof, colder. He wasn't pleased to see me, as if I meant nothing to him now. He wasn't the man I'd known. But the Kyler I knew still had to be inside there somehow. I just had to find a way to reach him.

"All right then, Jimmy. Answers you will have." Kyler swallowed the remains of his glass. "By now, you've learned that my family has something we call the Gift."

I nodded slowly.

"You always said I seemed to know what you were thinking. That's because I did, sort of. Not exactly, but I could get the gist of what was going through your head. Late in our year together, my Gift blossomed and I came into my full capability. Do you know what it's like to be trapped in a dorm with hundreds of minds in close proximity, all thinking banal bullshit about exams and unfair teachers and getting drunk or getting laid? I had to come back here for my own sanity. If I'd stayed there, I'd have gone insane."

"I'm sorry."

"You should be. You were the worst. You were like a character from a romance novel, always thinking about how *in love* we were, how *great* we were together. You never shut up thinking about it, and I couldn't shut you out. You were such a simpering piece of ..."

I wasn't completely sure what *simpering* meant, but I didn't like being called that.

Kyler took a deep breath. "Look," he said, and his manner changed. Suddenly he was the Kyler I knew and loved again. I was right--he was still in there. "I loved you. I really did. I think we could have been good together. But my Gift changed everything. Suddenly, what was sweet and lovey-dovey when you said it after sex became just too syrupy and irritating when you were thinking it all the time. I know it wasn't fair to you when I didn't come back, but I couldn't. I couldn't face another year ..."

"With me?"

"No, that's not it. You and me, we could have worked it out maybe. I couldn't face another year in that dorm is what I meant."

"We could have gotten an apartment off campus or something."

"Maybe. But my father wanted me here, and I needed to be here. I had to learn how to handle my full Gift. I couldn't do that with you around."

I said nothing.

"Not many of us Thomases have the full Gift. That makes me kind of special. I have obligations now. We have our business concerns to look after. We have our heritage to protect. I have obligations too. My father wants me to get married to a girl, a cousin; she has the bloodline and our children might have the Gift too."

"Is that what you want?"

"She's a nice girl. I like her a lot."

"But is that what you really want?"

Kyler shrugged. "She knows I prefer men. We have an understanding. We'll have a few kids, and I can play around with guys on the side. A lot of the Thomas men have done that. We have our personal servants, and sometimes we get with some of the ranch hands, only we have to erase their memories afterward, because we can't have them telling anyone else what they know."

"Sounds like a great arrangement you've got worked out there." I couldn't stop my tone from getting caustic.

"You don't understand. How could you understand? You're not one of us."

"I want to understand, Kyler. I still want us to be together." Because I did--part of me did still want us to be together. "We can work this out. You can get married, and we can still be together--you said you two have an understanding."

"It's not that simple, Jimmy. You're an outsider. For you there would be ... conditions." Kyler folded his arms across his chest, his classic *I don't want to talk about this* move. He was lapsing back into the colder version of himself again. "I haven't been a monk since I left you, Jimmy. Neither have you. Thad said you've been playing around with lots of guys. And you want to know why that's okay? Because we haven't been together for over a year now. Thad told us he's been preparing you this time. He thought you might make a good servant for me. Did you know that? Do you know what a 'servant' is to us?"

I shook my head.

"We marry for convenience and for having children. We take servants to be our sexual outlets. I have three already. My father gave them to me when I came back. Thad was training you to be the fourth."

He paused to see how that news sat with me. I tried to keep my emotions hidden. "You marry to be a baby factory? That's fucked up."

"What's fucked up is you being here in the first place, Jimmy. Why couldn't you just get the idea and move on with your life. You coming here and trying to force this confrontation has put me in a bad spot with my father."

"Well, then, I'll just pack my things and go. You'll never see me again, if that's what you want."

"It's not that simple. Part of me still loves you, Jimmy. But my father won't let you just walk out of here, not again. You have to pick one of two choices. And either way, my father is making me take care of it."

Choices. Everything kept revolving around to choices. Kyler had chosen to leave me. I'd chosen to follow him. I'd chosen to fuck around with Thad and his crew. I'd chosen to break into their house.

I murmured, "Take care of it how?"

"You can choose to walk away. Everything you remember about me will be erased. There will be a hole in your memories, and this might cause you some stress for a while, but you'll heal. You'll get

over it. Any pictures you find of you and me together, you'll just think I was some passing fancy you've since forgotten. Eventually you won't even realize something is missing."

"I won't walk away from this, Kyler. I won't forget you."

His expression in profile over another sip of brandy didn't shift. I wondered if he really could erase my memories like that. Did he really want to just brush away our history together?

"Or, you can choose to stay as one of my servants. That's what was intended for you the moment you showed up here. Your mind will be modified. You will become completely subservient to me. You'll think you still have a measure of free will, but you won't be able to disobey me in any way. If you're serious about us being together, that's the only way it will happen. But I can't be yours exclusively. I'll have my wife and my other servants--"

"You starting a harem?"

Kyler did not look at me.

"Well, then," I declared, "that's the one I pick. If I have to share you, okay--as long as we're together. I know it's me you really love."

"I don't love you, Jimmy."

"You're just saying that. If you didn't love me, you'd have just done the memory-erasing thing and sent me on my way."

"Jimmy, the problem with erasing your memory is ... you keep coming back. We tried that before. This is the second time you've shown up here at the house."

My jaw dropped.

"The first time was during your spring break. You only think you spent your break at the library working on a paper, because that's what I made you think. It was a convenient, believable excuse for the missing time. I just erased your memory of the last few days, and a security team kept you drugged while they drove you back to your dorm. Now my father is demanding something more ... comprehensive. He wants me to remove every memory you've ever had of me. He thinks you can't come back here if you don't remember anything about me."

"Doesn't my persistence tell you something?"

"It tells me my father is probably right. Erasing everything is the only choice."

"I won't forget you, Kyler. I *can't* forget you. There has to be another way."

"The only other choice is you stay here as my servant. I can't imagine you choosing that after the way you refused to even consider it the first time."

"If it means we can stay together, I'll choose it. Besides, you don't really have to do anything to me. We can just tell them you did it."

"You don't know my father. He'll go into your mind to check, and you wouldn't be able to deceive him. Besides ..." Kyler brushed a thumb over my cheek. "... I've already started doing it."

I tried to search his face for evidence that he was lying, but I couldn't look away from his eyes.

"Jimmy, you're so naïve sometimes, so trusting. I used to think that was one of the things I liked about you. You never really had a choice, not this time. My father demanded--"

I thrashed my arms and legs. They stayed bound to the chair. I heaved my body left and right, forward, back, but the chair was too heavy. I flailed and twisted and jerked. I couldn't break free. I couldn't even break our shared gaze.

"Shh, shh, shh," Kyler crooned at me. He brushed my cheek again. "Relax. Calm down. Shh."

This strange passivity oozed through me. My arms and legs grew too heavy to move. My body sank limply against the chair. I didn't feel anger, or fear, or ... anything. I felt quiet inside, completely quiet.

"That's better. Isn't that better? My father told me to fix this situation once and for all, and that's what I'm doing. It'll be all better soon."

Kyler's eyes: so green, so intense, so deep. Everything I wanted was in his eyes. All I had to do was keep looking. All I had to do was trust him.

"I'll fix everything, Jimmy. Right now, I'm just doing a little rearranging in your head. I'm setting your brain to release endorphins and happy hormones every time you look at me. You'll come to associate me with an overwhelming sense of happiness and contentment. Over time, your body will get addicted to those hormones and that feeling, and that means you'll get addicted to me. It'll feel just like being in love, only better."

I couldn't think, couldn't move.

"That's it. Now let's make changes in the thinking parts of your mind. You've got a strong submissive side, and we're going to make it even stronger. Trust me--when I'm finished, you're going to love what I've done. You'll even thank me for it. But for now--"

5.

Kyler patted my cheek. "Wake up."

I blinked. Something had happened. Had I been asleep? No, not exactly. Time had passed, but my memory of what had happened in the last few minutes was simply ... gone.

"Stand up."

I thought about it. My wrists and ankles--

Kyler smiled, as if indulging a child. "You're not tied to the chair. You never were. We only made you think you were. Now, stand up."

I looked at my wrists: no sign of bonds. My hands came away from the chair easily. My ankles moved away from the chair legs. I settled my footing and stood up.

"How do you feel? Better?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." I'd never called him *sir* before in my life--no, wait; it was only proper for me to call him *sir*. He deserved the respect.

"Who are you?"

I didn't have to think about it. "Your servant, sir."

"What are you?"

"Your servant, sir."

Kyler seemed satisfied with my answers. His eyes flicked downward before returning to my face. "Now, what rule are you breaking?"

I thought about it. What was I doing wrong? I looked down at myself. I wanted to be good--I wanted to serve and do it well. What was wrong? Pants. I was wearing pants. A good servant was to be naked at all times on the premises. I opened my jeans, pushed them down, and stepped out of them. Naked now. Better.

"Good boy," he said. Pleasing him made happy. I didn't feel self-conscious at all under my master's evaluating gaze as he looked my body up and down. "Turn around," he said, with a little turning finger gesture. I rotated my back to him, then my front again. I hoped he liked what he seeing. I was proud of my body, proud of the way my hard work in his service on his ranch showed. My torso was tanned to the waist from working shirtless outdoors, my ass and crotch and legs paler from being in jeans all day. Ranch work had my chest and arms and back and legs muscling up--and especially my ass. "Yeah, Thad was right. Your ass is a work of art. I'm going to enjoy using it. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I didn't have to think about my answer. "Yes, sir." Just the thought of him fucking me made my dick and balls and ass tingle. Must have been those endorphins he had talked about earlier. Yeah, I could see how this feeling could become addictive. I wanted to be addicted to him, wanted it with all my being, wanted to be addicted to my master like a good servant.

"Come along."

Kyler opened the door and stepped out into the hallway beyond. I walked respectfully behind him.

Two guards lurked in the corridor, against the opposite wall. I was pretty sure one was Blond, but the other I hadn't seen before. I didn't feel a bit of shame as their dark sunglasses aimed at my naked body. My nudity was my badge of service, proof that I was a good, obedient servant.

Kyler said curtly to Blond. "Tell my father it's done."

Blond nodded, glared at me for another moment, then moved off down the hallway.

Kyler walked in the opposite direction. I followed. His private chambers were a suite of rooms on the second floor, with a stoic guard posted outside. Kyler ignored the guard and walked in, left the door open for me to follow and shut the door behind us.

The lighting was dim, barely enough to see. I recalled the hour was probably late.

"Attend me," Kyler said, holding his arms out from his side. I understood I was to remove his clothing, so I set about doing exactly that. His suit jacket, tie, shirt. His shoes, pants, underwear, socks. He was as naked as I was, and even more handsome than I remembered. He gazed into my eyes, and I felt more open and warm and loved than I'd ever felt. I felt like his presence alone was a gift truly being given to me.

I started to speak, to ask how I could serve him, but movement from another room caught my attention. "Your brother-servants," Kyler clarified as three naked men joined us. Two were in their mid-twenties, a white guy with auburn hair and a dark-haired Latino; the third was a black guy about my age. They had chiseled bodies and something more--cocks hanging low that made me a bit envious.

Someone knocked on the door. The black servant went to it. A guard, Blond, entered. He did not ask forgiveness for having interrupted but instead said, "Your father sent me. He wants proof."

Kyler sighed. "My father will have his proof. Garrett, you may observe first-hand, but--"

Blond--Garrett--stiffened. "I, uh ..."

"--But you must participate. Remove your glasses."

Garrett shuddered. "Urrh ..." But his hand rose and pulled his dark sunglasses off his face. His eyes, hazel, were locked on Kyle's.

"Strip, Garrett." The guard peeled away his gear and clothing quickly. Naked, he had a powerful build, the kind of body honed by war.

Kyler said to me, "Garrett runs the security detail for my father. He does not prefer men, but now and then I like reminding my father's lap dog of his place." He smirked at Garrett. "Besides, my father already has his proof. He has every room in this house under video surveillance, including the library and this room. I believe he had another purpose for sending Garrett here, and I am happy to comply." His smile turned devilish. "Don't worry--I'll erase Garrett's memories when we're through. Well, *most* of them, anyway."

I felt arms encircle my waist, four hands on my hips, and then someone began kissing and licking his way up the front of my left leg. I was being pulled into my brother-servants, forming a mass of bodies around Kyler. Garrett was pulled in too. My cock was half-hard and rising quickly. My ass tingled, hungry to be filled. I opened my mouth, a moan of pleasure.

Someone's mouth found my nearly erect dick. I'd had many blow-jobs, but few were as gifted as this mouth, and I grew to my full, urgent length under his mouth, his tongue striking and stroking me to rock-hardness.

My moans of pleasure grew louder as the studs worked me over and we together worked Kyler over. Someone's tongue danced and jumped around the rim of my asshole, poking deliciously at it.

Meanwhile, I found Kyler's cock in the mass of bodies and grabbed his balls in a pleasing vise-grip, just the way he always liked, while my mouth bobbed up and down, pausing only to lick his shaft occasionally and to bite lightly on the blood-filled head. I wanted him to know I was his most devoted servant, devoted wholly to his pleasure. Kyler said nothing, but he made little gasps and sighs of pleasure that filled me with a warm joy.

Heads moved as men changed places. I kept sucking Kyler's cock, unwilling to surrender my prize. A new head in my crotch, bristle-haired--I risked a glance and saw Garrett's blond crew-cut--and his mouth proved every bit as skilled with my cock as his predecessor's had been. After a few sweet, sweet mouth-strokes up and down my fence-post dick, Garrett pushed my thighs apart and demonstrated that he was also an expert rimmer, tongue-fucking me without mercy. I was torn between which I enjoyed more, but managed to find a rhythm between thrusting my face forward onto Kyler's cock and rearing back onto Garrett's stabbing tongue.

Bodies moved again, and Kyler's dick pulled out of my mouth. I groaned my disappointment. The black servant's cock was nearby, and I didn't hesitate. I opened my mouth and leaned forward to taste his man-meat.

"Fuck, that's hot," Kyler moaned from somewhere. I knew he liked a good show nearly as much as a good blow-job. Servicing his servant while he watched was as much an act of devotion as doing Kyler directly.

I was no virgin where sucking big dicks were concerned, but I was unable to get all of the black guy's meat into my mouth; I did my best and I heard no complaints. His boner poked around my mouth, extending my cheeks and teasing my tongue. I liked the feeling. I liked knowing Kyler was watching. The black man's boner tasted salty and musky and felt great as it stroked my throat. I looked up to see Kyler reclining on a sofa, the other two servants next to him, stroking his pecs and tweaking his red nipples. Seeing me watching, Kyler grinned and leaned and locked his mouth over the Latino servant's for an enthusiastic, very wet kiss.

I removed the black guy's cock from my mouth. A quick turn had me face-to-cock with Garrett's member, average in length but fat. Garrett and I sixty-nined. I felt a hand on the back of my head, holding me in place as Garrett's hips fucked my mouth fast. Someone behind me lifted my thigh and I felt a tongue lap at my asshole, surrounding me with more pleasure than I'd ever imagined.

A few minutes later, the mutual sucking ended as someone hauled me to my feet, then half-carried me to the leather sofa where Kyler sprawled. I was pushed down to my knees before him. He leaned forward, slowly, bent my face up to his; his mouth met mine, softly at first, but I soon felt his tongue tickling my lips. I returned the kiss gratefully, and then felt his hand glide down my back until his fingers probed the top of my ass-crack. The angle and distance were wrong for finding my hole, but I didn't mind. This was Kyler, and I'd love anything he did to me.

"Take him to the sling," Kyler said. The white and Latino servants grabbed my arms and hauled me up. I was led quickly to a black sex-sling suspended from the ceiling. I'd never been in a sling before, had never even seen one in person. My master had obviously become more experienced and worldly since the last time we had been together. I was so lucky his other servants would show me how to get into the sling so I wouldn't embarrass myself in front of him. I let the two servants push me into it, lift my legs, strap my ankles into stirrups that held my thighs open, my cock and ass both fully exposed. I wanted Kyler to see me lying here ready for him, wanton cock hard, half-delirious with lust for him. I wanted--I wanted him so much!

Kyler's cock-head bobbed beside my head. I turned and fit my mouth over it and suckled it happily. "Get him ready," he said to someone.

The Latino servant had a bottle of lubricant. His finger was wet, probing my ass, penetrating my hole, moving around the inside only briefly, then he squirted the cool liquid on my sphincter. He worked it in, loosening and further sensitizing my opening. I couldn't wait to have Kyler's dick inside me.

I was absorbed in proving my cock-sucking skills to him when Kyler said to someone, "Fuck him."

Someone said, "I ... Nuh ..." Garrett.

"Don't try to fight me, Garrett. You know that never ends well for you. Let me in. That's right. Surrender to me. Obey. Now, fuck him."

I didn't care what they were doing. I had Kyler's cock in my mouth, and I was content. Then something plastic tore. Hands parted my ass cheeks, and something thick pushed into me. Garrett had begun fucking me, and the pain was immediate. My mouth came off of Kyler's dick and I yelped.

"Ride it out, boy," Kyler whispered in my ear, kneeling by me head now. He turned my face to his, and I actually felt love and acceptance and comfort coming from him. "You want to get fucked. You need to get fucked. Ride it out, and it'll feel better."

Amazingly, it did, almost immediately. I clung to the sling. Sweat broke out over my whole body, but the pain had already begun transmuting to pleasure as Garrett moved between my thighs. Slow slides out, then quick jabs in. Slow, quick. Out, in. The white servant had one hand squeezing my nipple and the other holding my steely cock. I wanted it to be Kyler, but this felt wonderful too.

Kyler told the Latino servant to feed me his cock, and I accepted it gratefully. Kyler himself was behind Garrett. Garrett stopped thrusting when Kyler bent him forward over my body. I couldn't see what was happened, but suddenly Garrett's torso jerked upward, head thrown back, a mask of pain on his face--"Gah-yahh!"--and I knew Kyler was penetrating Garrett's ass while Garrett was still embedded in mine.

"Take my cock," Kyler hissed in Garrett's ear. "You want me to fuck you so hard. Let yourself want it. Tell me you want it."

Garrett shuddered and recovered his position, pushed his ass back. "Fuck me! Fuck me, sir!" Kyler held on to Garrett's hips and began to cock-pump him. Garrett began to move too, gliding his cock in and out of my hole again, and soon we had a rhythm: Kyler fucking Garrett, Garrett fucking me, me loving every moment of it.

The black servant leaned over my head and buried his tongue in my mouth. His kiss had barely ended when the white servant standing on the other side of me turned my head around and poked his cock into my gullet. From that angle, I was able to take it all, and I enjoyed the feeling of his pungent balls slapping against my cheek as he moved in and out. He leaned forward and the white and black servants kissed over me. I loved being used for their pleasure, body and soul.

Garrett's breathing was getting faster, gasps and little grunts of pleasure-pain, and so were his thrusts. "Gonna cum, sir," he growled, voice tight with his approaching orgasm. I clamped my ass tightly around his meat to accept his offering. The white servant pulled his cock from my mouth; he had one hand on the black servant's chest, massaging his nipple, and his other hand doing the same to one of

Garrett's nips. I could see Kyler's head over Garrett's shoulder, and I loved the intensity on his face. He massaged Garrett's neck with one hand as he worked Garrett's ass. Kyler leaned forward and whispered next to Garrett's ear, "Cum." Garrett gasped and rushed to orgasm. His body jerked, half-dance and half-seizure, and he howled as his body and mind erupted into bliss. As he came, I bucked and worked his rod with my ass, slamming my hole against him, trying to get him deeper, ass-clamp him tighter, drive his pleasure higher. Kyler loved a good show, and I was determined to give him one as I took the gusher of this muscular blond security deep inside me. Garrett cried out helplessly he shuddered and came and came.

Garrett staggered back, his cock pulling from my stretched ass. The end of the condom covering his cock bulged with the payload he'd spent. He moaned semi-consciously and made no protest when the white servant led him aside and pushed him down on the leather sofa.

At Kyler's order, the Latino servant's longer but thinner cock replaced Garrett's in my ass. The black servant bent over my head, kissed my face and ears, licked sweat from my neck. As the Latino began to fuck me, the black guy took my hand and guided it to one of my nipples. The Latin man fucked me harder than Garrett had, but I was more than willing to let him bang my butt as hard as he wanted. In fact, when the Latino pulled out, I felt a twinge of disappointment. But this stud was ready to cum. He pulled off his condom and pumped his long cock with his fist. He aimed the cock-head at my genitals and he knelt next to me and pumped his hot cock rapidly. When he shot, he sprayed a huge load across my dick and balls.

Somebody moaned. I saw the white servant bent over the arm on the couch, cumming as Kyler rabbit-fucked him.

"Nuugh!" The black servant was fisting his cock. He threw his head back and spurting his load across my chest.

"Our turn," Kyler said, as he began to jerk himself with one hand and my rock-hard piece with his other. He was a skillful jack-off artist. The sling swayed as he squeezed my cock and jacked it, using the Latino's cum for lube. Kyler looked at me, his eyes heavy-lidded with lust. "Cum with me." My last thought before my mind and body exploded into fireworks of orgasm was the image of Kyler throwing his head and shooting on my newly tightened abs. I came so hard it almost took my world apart, and my climax left me dazed and moaning, nearly semi-conscious.

"Don't speak," Kyler said and kissed my forehead softly. "Sleep now." I felt loved and cared for, finally. I sank back in the sling and let the darkness enfold me.

That's my story, though I should detail one more thing: I woke up first the next morning, as a sliver of the sun at the horizon shone through a crack in the curtains. I knew then my path had always led here, to this, to being Kyler's. I wouldn't be going back to school. I wouldn't be going anywhere. My old life was over, and I wasn't looking back. This entire summer had been preparing me for him, for us to be together again after all, even if it wasn't the way I had imagined. I wanted this more than anything. I proved it by letting him awaken with my mouth covering his cock. His eyes opened and found mine, and I can't describe the feelings, emotional and physical. Soon I felt his finger poking into my ass, and he would poke more than a finger into me before the morning was over. This was the true gift: the pleasure he gave me, giving myself to him, belonging to him.
